



61. *Gucht Facit*



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*La Maison Rustique:*  
OR, THE  
COUNTRY HOUSE.

A

F· A · R · C · E

As it Acted on all our  
THEATRES  
With great APPLAUSE.

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Done from the French  
By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

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The THIRD EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

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Dedicates Book

ANNE GENEALOGY  
RECORDED BY HER DAUGHTER  
MARY ANN GENEALOGY

RECORDED BY HER DAUGHTER MARY ANN

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

*Monsieur* BARNARD.

GRIFFARD, *Brother to Mr. BARNARD.*

ERASTUS, *in love with MARIAMNE.*

DORANT, *Son to Mr. BARNARD.*

*Monsieur le Marquis.*

Barou DE MESSY.

JANNO, *Cousin to Mr. BARNARD.*

COLIN, *Servant to Mr. BARNARD.*

CHARLY, *a little Boy.*

*Servant to ERASTUS.*

Three Gentlemen, *Friends to DORANT.*

A Cook, other Servants, &c.

## W O M E N.

*Madam* BARNARD.

MARIAMNE, *her Daughter.*

MAWKIN, *Sister to JANNO.*

LISSETTA, *Servant to MARIAMNE.*

The SCENE is laid in Normandy, in  
France.



# *La Maison Rustique:* OR, THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Erastus and his Man, with Lisetta, Mariamne's Maid.*

*LISSETTA.*



NCE more I'll tell ye, Sir, if you've any Consideration in the World for her, you must be gone this Minute.

*Er.* My dear *Lisetta*, let me but speak to her, let me but see her only.

*Lis.* You may do what you will; but not here, whilst you are in our Houfe. I do believe she's as impatient to see you, as you can be to see her; but ——

A 4

*Er.*

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*Er.* But why won't you give us that Satisfaction then?

*Lif.* Because I know the Consequence; for when you once get together, the Devil himself is not able to part ye; you'll stay so long 'till you're surpriz'd, and what will become of us then?

*Serv.* Why, then we shall be thrown out at the Window, I suppose.

*Lif.* No, but I shall be turn'd out of Doors.

*Er.* How unfortunate am I! these Doors are Open to all the World, and only Shut to Me.

*Lif.* Because you come for a Wife, and at our House we don't care for People that come for Wives.

*Serv.* What would you have us come for, Child?

*Lif.* Any thing but Wives; because they can't be put off without Portions.

*Serv.* Portions! No, no, never talk of Portions; my Master nor I neither don't want Portions; and if he'd follow my Advice, a Regiment of Fathers shou'd not guard her.

*Lif.* What say you?

*Serv.* Why, if you'll contrive that my Master may run away with your Mistress, I don't much care, faith, if I run away with you.

*Lif.* Don't you so, Rogue's Face? but I hope to be better provided for.

*Er.* Hold your Tongues. But where is M<sup>r</sup>. riamme's Brother? He is my Bosom Friend, and wou'd be willing to serve me.

*Lif.* I told you before, that he has been a  
bread

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A broad a hunting, and we han't seen him these three Days ; he seldom lies at home, to avoid his Father's ill Humour ; so that it is not your Mistress only that our old covetous Cuff teizes ---- there's no body in the Family but feels the Effects of his ill Humour --- by his good Will he wou'd not suffer a Creature to come within his Doors, or eat at his Table ---- and if there be but a Rabit extraordinary for Dinner, he thinks himself ruin'd for ever.

*Er.* Then I find you pass your Time comfortably in this Family.

*Lif.* Not so bad as you imagine neither, perhaps; for, thank Heav'n, we have a Mistress that's as Bountiful as he is Stingy, one that will let him say what he will, and yet does what she will. But hark, here's somebody coming; it is certainly he.

*Er.* Can't you hide us somewhere ?

*Lif.* Here, here, get you in here as fast as you can.

*Serv.* Thrust me in too.

[*Puts 'em into the Closet.*]

### S C E N E II.

*Enter Mariamne.*

*Lif.* O, is it you ?

*Mar.* So, *Lifetta*, where have you been ? I've been looking for ye all over the House : Who are those People in the Garden with my Mother-in-Law ? I believe my Father won't be very well pleas'd to see 'em there.

*Lif.* And here's somebody else not far off, that I believe your Father won't be very well pleased

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pleased with neither. Come, Sir, Sir. [Call  
*Eraustus and his Servant come out.*

*Mar.* O Heavens! [Cries out.

*Lis.* Come, Lovers, I can allow you but a short Bout on't this time; you must do your Work with a Jirk——one Whisper, two Sighs, and a Kiss; make haste, I say, and I'll stand Centry for ye in the mean time.

[Exit Lisetta.

*Mar.* Do you know what you expose me to,  
*Eraustus?* What do you mean?

*Er.* To Die, Madam, since you receive me with so little Pleasure.

*Mar.* Consider what wou'd become of Me, if my Father shou'd see you here.

*Er.* What wou'd you have me do?

*Mar.* Expect with Patience some happy Turn of Affairs; my Mother-in-Law is kind and indulgent to a Miracle, and her Favour, if well managed, may turn to our Advantage; and cou'd I prevail upon my self to declare my Passion to her, I don't doubt but she'd join in our Interest,

*Er.* Well, since we've nothing to fear from her, and your Brother, you know, is my intimate Friend; you may therefore conceal me somewhere about the House for a few Days. I'll creep into any Hole.

*Serv.* Ay, but who must have the Care of bringing us Victuals? [Aside.

*Er.* Thrust us into the Cellar, or up into the Garret; I don't care where it is, so that it be but under the same Roof with you.

*Serv.* But I don't say so, for that Jade *Lisetta* will have the feeding of us, and I kno' what kind

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. II

kind of Diet she keeps---I believe we shan't be like the Fox in the Fable, our Bellies won't be so full but we shall be able to creep out at the same Hole we got in at.

*Er.* Must I then be gone? Must I return to Paris?

*Enter Lisetta.*

*Lis.* Yes, that you must, and immediately too, for here's my Master coming in upon ye.

*Er.* What shall I do?

*Lis.* Begone this Minute.

*Mar.* Stay in the Village 'till you hear from me, none of our Family know that you are in it.

*Er.* Shall I see you sometimes?

*Mar.* I han't time to answer you now?

*Lis.* Make haste, I say; are you bewitch'd?

*Er.* Will you write to me?

*Mar.* I will if I can.

*Lis.* Begone, I say, is the Devil in you?

(*Thrusting Erastus and his Servant out.*  
Come this Way, your Father's just stepping in  
upon us. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Mr. Barnard beating Colin.*

*Mr. Bar.* Rogue! Rascal! did not I command you? Did not I give you my Orders, Sirrah?

*Col.* Why, You give me Orders to let no body in; and Madam, Her gives me Orders to let every body in---why the Devil himself can't please you Boath, I think.

*Mr. Bar.* But, Sirrah, you must obey my Orders, not hers.

*Col.*

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*Col.* Why, the Gentlefolks asked for Her, they did not ask for You----what do ye make such a Noife about?

*Mr. Bar.* For that Reason, Sirrah, you shou'd not ha' let 'em in.

*Col.* Hold, Sir, I'd rather see you Angry, than her, that's true; for when you're Angry you have only the De'il in ye, but when Madam's in a Passion she has the De'il and his Dam both in her Belly.

*Mr. Bar.* You must mind what I say to you, Sirrah, and obey my Orders.

*Col.* Ay, ay, Measter ---- but let's not quarrel with one another --- you're always in such a plaguy Humour.

*Mr. Bar.* What are these People that are just come?

*Col.* Nay, that know not I ----- but, as fine Volk they are as ever Eye beheld, Heaven blefs 'em.

*Mr. Bar.* Did you hear their Names?

*Col.* Noa, noa, but in a Coach they keam all besmear'd with Gould, with six breave Horses, the like on 'em ne'er did I set Eyes on ----- 'twou'd do a Man's Heart good to look on sike fine Beast, Measter.

*Mr. Bar.* How many Persons are there?

*Col.* Your--- two as fine Men as ever Woman bore, and two as dainty Deames as a Man wou'd desire to lay his Lips to.

*Mr. Bar.* And all this Crew sets up at my House.

*Col.* Noa, noa, Measter, the Coachman is gone into the Village to set up his Coach at some Inn, for I told him our Coach-House was  
vull

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. 13

full of Vaggots, but he'll bring back the six Horses, for I told him we had a rear good Steable.

*Mr. Bar.* Did you so, Rascal? Did you so?

[Beats him.]

*Col.* Doant, doant, Sir, it wou'd do you good to see like Cattle, i'faith they look as if they had ne'er kept Lent.

*Mr. Bar.* Then they shall learn Religion at my House ---- Sirrah, do you take care they Sup without Oats to-night---- What will become of me? Since I bought this damn'd *Country House*, I spend more in a Summer than wou'd maintain me seven Year.

*Col.* Why, if you spend Mony, han't you good things for it? Come they not to Tee you the whole Country raund? Mind how you're belov'd, Measter.

*Mr. Bar.* Pox take such Love ---- How now, what do you want?

Enter Lifetta.

*Lif.* Sir, there's some Company in the Garden with my Mistress, who desire to see you.

*Mr. Bar.* The Devil take 'em, what Business have they here? But who are they?

*Lif.* Why, Sir, there's the fat Abbot that always sits so long at Dinner, and drinks his two Bottles by way of Whet.

*Mr. Bar.* I wish his Church was in his Belly, that his Guts might be half full before he came ---- and who else?

*Lif.* Then there's the young Marquis that won all my Lady's Money at Cards.

*Mr. Bar.* Pox take him too.

*Lif.*

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*Lif.* Then there's the merry Lady that's always in a good Humour.

*Mr. Bar.* Very well.

*Lif.* Then there's she that threw down all my Lady's China t'other Day, and laugh'd at it for a Jest.

*Mr. Bar.* Which I paid above Fifty Pounds for in Earnest ---- very well, and pray how did Madam receive all this fine Company ?---- With a hearty Welcome, and a Curtsie with her Bum down to the Ground, ha.

*Lif.* No indeed, Sir, she was very angry with 'em,

*Mr. Bar.* How! Angry with 'em, say you?

*Lif.* Yes indeed, Sir, for she expected they wou'd have staid here a Fortnight, but it seems things happen so unluckily that they can't stay here above ten Days.

*Mr. Bar.* Ten Days! How! what! four Persons with a Coach and six, and a Kennel of hungry Hounds in Liveries, to live upon me ten Days!

[Exit Lifetta.]

*Enter a Soldier.*

So, what do you want?

*Sol.* Sir, I come from your Nephew, Captain Hungry.

*Mr. Bar.* Well, what does he want?

*Sol.* He gives his Service to you, Sir, and sends you Word that he'll come and dine with you To-morrow.

*Mr. Bar.* Dine with me! no, no, Friend, tell him I don't dine at all To-morrow, it is my Fast Day, my Wife died on't.

*Sol.* And he has sent you here a Pheasant and a Couple of Partridges.

*Mr. Bar.*

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Mr. Bar. How's that, a Pheasant and Partridges, say you? -- let's see --- very fine Birds truly --- let me consider ---- To-morrow is not my Fast-Day, I mistook, tell my Nephew he shall be welcome ---- And d'ye hear? [to Colin.] do you take these Fowl and hang them up in a cool Place ---- and take this Soldier in, and make him drink --- make him drink, d'ye see --- a Cup, --- ay, a Cup of small Beer --- d'ye hear.

Col. Yes, Sir ---- Come along; our small Beer is reare good.

Sol. But, Sir, he bad me tell ye that he'll bring two or three of his Brother Officers along with him.

Mr. Bar. How's that! Officers with him ---- here, come back ----- take the Fowl again; I don't dine To-morrow, and so tell him [Gives him the Basket.] Go, go.

[*Thrusts him out.*

Sol. Sir, Sir, that won't hinder them from coming, for they retir'd a little distance off the Camp; and because your House is near 'em, Sir, they resolve to come.

Mr. Bar. Go, begone, Sirrah, [*Thrusts him out.*] There's a Rogue now, that sends me three lean Carrion Birds, and brings half a dozen Varlets to eat them.

Enter Mr. Barnard's Brother.

Bro. Brother, what is the Meaning of these Doings? If you don't order your Affairs better, you'll have your Fowl taken out of your very Yard, and carried away before your Face.

Mr. Bar. Can I help it, Brother? But what's the matter now?

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*Bro.* There's a Parcel of Fellows have been hunting about your Grounds all this Morning, broke down your Hedges, and are now coming into your House — don't you hear them?

*Mr. Bar.* No, no, I don't hear them; who are they?

*Bro.* Three or four Rake-helly Officers, with your Nephew at the Head of 'em.

*Mr. Bar.* O the Rogue! he might well send me Fowl — but is it not a vexatious thing, that I must stand still and see my self plunder'd at this Rate, and have a Carrion of a Wife who thinks I ought to thank all these Rogues that come to devour me! but can't you advise me what's to be done in this Case?

*Bro.* I wish I cou'd, for it goes to my Heart to see you thus treated by a Crew of Vermin, who think they do you a great deal of Honour in ruining of you.

*Mr. Bar.* Can there be no Way found to redress this?

*Bro.* If I were you, I'd leave this House quite, and go to Town.

*Mr. Bar.* What, leave my Wife behind me? ay, that wou'd be mending the matter indeed!

*Bro.* Why don't you Sell it then?

*Mr. Bar.* Because no body will Buy it; it has got as bad a Name as if the Plague were in't; it has been sold over and over, and every Family that has liv'd in it has been ruin'd.

*Bro.* Then send away all your Beds and Furniture, except what is absolutely necessary for your own Family, you'll save something by that, for then your Guests can't stay with you all Night, however.

*Mr.*

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*Mr. Bar.* I've try'd that already, and it signified nothing——For they all got drunk and lay in the Barn, and next Morning laugh'd it off for a Frolick.

*Bro.* Then there is but one Remedy left that I can think of.

*Mr. Bar.* What's that?

*Bro.* You must e'en do what's done when a Town's a-fire, blow up your House that the Mischief may run no farther——But who is this Gentleman?

*Mr. Bar.* I never saw him in my Life before, but for all that, I'll hold fifty Pound he comes to dine with me.

*Enter the Marquis.*

*Marq.* My dear Monsieur *Barnard*, I'm your most humble Servant.

*Mr. Bar.* I don't doubt it, Sir.

*Marq.* What is the Meaning of this, Mr. *Barnard*? You look as coldly upon me as if I were a Stranger.

*Mr. Bar.* Why truly, Sir, I'm very apt to do so by Persons I never saw in my Life before.

*Marq.* You must know, Mr. *Barnard*, I'm come on purpose to drink a Bottle of Wine with you.

*Mr. Bar.* That may be, Sir; but it happens that at this Time I am not at all a-dry.

*Marq.* I left the Ladies at Cards waiting for Supper; for my Part, I never play; so I came to see my dear Mr. *Barnard*; and I'll assure you, I undertook this Journey only to have the Honour of your Acquaintance.

*Mr. Bar.* You might have spar'd your self that Trouble, Sir.

*Marq.*

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*Marq.* Don't you know, Mr. *Barnard*, that this House of yours is a little Paradise?

*Mr. Bar.* Then rot me if it be, Sir.

*Marq.* For my Part, I think a pretty Retreat in the *Country* is one of the greatest Comforts in Life; I suppose you never want good Company, Mr. *Barnard*?

*Mr. Bar.* No, Sir, I never want Company; for you must know I love very much to be Alone.

*Marq.* Good Wine you must keep above all things, without good Wine and good Cheer I would not give a Fig for the *Country*.

*Mr. Bar.* Really, Sir, my Wine is the worst you ever drank in your Life, and you'll find my Cheer but very indifferent.

*Marq.* No matter, no matter, Mr. *Barnard*; I've heard much of your Hospitality, there's a plentiful Table in your Looks--and your Wife is certainly one of the best Women in the World.

*Mr. Bar.* Rot me if she be, Sir.

*Enter Colin.*

*Col.* Sir, Sir, yonder's the Baron *de Messy* has lost his Hawk in our Garden; he says it is pearched upon one of the Trees; may we let him have'n again, Sir?

*Mr. Bar.* Go tell him, that—

*Col.* Nay, you may tell him your self, for here he comes.

### S C E N E IV.

*Enter the Baron de Messy.*

Sir, I'm your most humble Servant, and ask you a thousand Pardons that I should live so long in your Neighbourhood, and come upon such an Occasion

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Occasion as this to pay you my first Respects.

*Mr. Bar.* It is very well, Sir; but I think People may be very good Neighbours without visiting one another.

*Baron.* Pray how do you like our Country?

*Mr. Bar.* Not at all, I'm quite tir'd on't.

*Marq.* Is it not the Baron? [Aside.] it is certainly he.

*Baron.* How: my dear Marquis! let me embrace you.

*Marq.* My dear Baron, let me kiss you.

[They run and embrace.

*Baron.* We have not seen one another since we were School-fellows, before.

*Marq.* The happiest Rencontré!

*Bro.* These Gentlemen seem to be very well acquainted.

*Mr. Barn.* Yes, but I know neither one nor t'other of them.

*Marq.* Baron, let me present to you one of the best-natur'd Men in the World! Mr. *Barnard* here, the Flower of Hospitality ---- I congratulate you upon having so good a Neighbour.

*Mr. Barn.* Sir!

*Baron.* It is an Advantage I am proud of.

*Mr. Barn.* Sir!

*Marq.* Come, Gentlemen, you must be very intimate; let me have the Honour of bringing you better acquainted.

*Mr. Barn.* Sir!

*Baron.* Dear Marquis, I shall take it as a Favour, if you'll do me that Honour.

*Mr. Barn.* Sir!

*Marq.* With all my Heart——Come, Baron, now you are here we can make up the most agreeable

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agreeable Company in the World—Faith you shall stay and pass a few Days with us.

*Mr. Barn.* Methinks now, this Son of a Whore does the Honour of my House to a Miracle.

*Baron.* I don't know what to say, but I shou'd be very glad you'd excuse me.

*Marq.* Faith, I can't.

*Baron.* Dear Marquis.

*Marq.* Egad I won't.

*Baron.* Well, since it must be so,—But here comes the Lady of the Family.

*Enter Madam Barnard.*

*Marq.* Madam, let me present to you the Flower of France.

*Baron.* Madam, I shall think my self the happiest Person in the World in your Ladyship's Acquaintance; and the little Estate I have in this Country I esteem more than all the rest, because it lies so near your Ladyship.

*Mrs. Barn.* Sir, your most humble Servant.

*Marq.* Madam, the Baron de Meffy is the best humour'd Man in the World. I've prevail'd with him to give us his Company a few Days.

*Mrs. Barn.* I'm sure you cou'd not oblige Mr. Barnard or me more.

*Mr. Barn.* That's a damn'd Lye, I'm sure. [Aside.]

*Baron.* I'm sorry, Madam, I can't accept of the Honour—for it falls out so unluckily, that I've some Ladies at my House that I can't possibly leave.

*Marq.* No matter, no matter, Baron; you have Ladies at your House, we have Ladies at our House—let's join Companies—come, let's send for them immediately; the more the merrier.

*Mr. Barn.* An admirable Expedient, truly!

*Barn.*

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Baron. Well, since it must be so, I'll go for them my self.

Marq. Make haste, dear Baron, for we shall be impatient for your Return.

Baron. Madam, your most humble Servant--- But I won't take my Leave of you --- I shall be back again immediately --- Monsieur Barnard, I'm your most humble Servant; Since you will have it so, I'll return as soon as possible.

Mr. Barn. I have it so! 'sbud, Sir, you may stay as long as you please; I'm in no haste for ye.

{Exeunt Baron and Marquis.

Mr. Barn. Madam, you are the Cause that I am not Master of my own House.

Mrs. Barn. Will you never learn to be reasonable, Husband?

The Marquis returns.

Marq. The Baron is the best humour'd Man in the World, only a little too ceremonious, that's all --- I love to be free and generous; since I came to Paris I've reform'd half the Court.

Mrs. Barn. You are of the most agreeable Humour in the World, Marquis.

Marq. Always merry --- But what have you done with the Ladies?

Mrs. Barn. I left them at Cards.

Marq. Well, I'll wait upon 'em --- but, Madam, let me desire you not to put your self to any extraordinary Expence upon our Accounts --- You must consider we have more than one way to live together.

Mr. Barn. You are pleased to be merry, Marquis.

Marq. Treat us without Ceremony; good Wine and Poultry you have of your own; Wild-

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Wild-Fowl and Fish are brought to your Door  
— You need not send abroad for any thing  
but a piece of Butcher's Meat, or so — Let us  
have no Extraordinaries. [Exit.

*Mr. Barn.* If I had the feeding of you, a  
Thunderbolt should be your Supper.

*Mrs. Barn.* Husband, will you never change  
your Humour? if you go on at this Rate, it  
will be impossible to live with ye.

*Mr. Barn.* Very true; for in a little time I  
shall have nothing to live upon.

*Mrs. Barn.* Do you know what a ridiculous  
Figure you make?

*Mr. Barn.* You'll make a great deal worse,  
when you han't Money enough to pay for the  
washing of your Smocks.

*Mrs. Barn.* It seems you married me only to  
dishonour me; how horrible this is!

*Mr. Barn.* I tell ye, you'll ruin me. Do you  
know how much Money you spend in a Year?

*Mrs. Barn.* Not I truly, I don't understand  
Arithmetick.

*Mr. Barn.* Arithmetick, O Lud! O Lud! Is  
it so hard to comprehend, that he who receives  
but Sixpence and spends a Shilling, must be  
ruin'd in the End?

*Mrs. Barn.* I never troubled my Head with  
Accompts, nor never will; but if you did but  
know what ridiculous Things the World says  
of ye —

*Mr. Barn.* Rot the World — 'Twill say worse  
of me when I'm in a Jayl.

*Mrs. Barn.* A very Christian-like Saying, truly.

*Mr. Barn.* Don't tell me of Christian —

Adsbud,

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Adsbud, I'll turn Jew, and no body shall eat at my Table that is not Circumcised.

*Enter Lisetta.*

*Lis.* Madam, there's the Dutchess of Twang-dillo just fell down near our Door, her Coach was overturn'd.

*Mrs. Barn.* I hope her Grace has received no Hurt.

*Lis.* No, Madam, but her Coach is broke.

*Mr. Barn.* Then there's a Smith in Town may mend it.

*Lis.* They say, 'twill require two or three Days to fit it up again.

*Mrs. Barn.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart, for then I shall enjoy the Pleasure of her Grace's good Company---I'll wait upon her.

*Mr. Barn.* Very fine Doings This!

[*Exeunt, severally.*



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Mr. BARNARD.*

**H**EAVEN be now my Comfort, for my House is Hell: [Starts.] Who's there, what do you want? who are you?

*Enter Servant with a Portmantua.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's your Cousin Janno and Cousin Mawkin come from Paris.

*Mr. Barn.* What a Plague do they want?

*Enter Janno leading in Mawkin.*

*Jan.* Come, Sister, come along—O here's Cousin

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Cousin *Barnard*— Cousin *Barnard*, your Servant — Here's my Sister *Mawkin* and I are come to see you.

*Mawk.* Ay, Cousin, here's Brother *Janno* and I are come from *Paris* to see you: Pray how does Cousin *Mariamne* do?

*Jan.* My Sister and I waunt well at *Paris*; so my Father sent us here for two or three Weeks to take a little Country Air.

*Mr. Barn.* You cou'd not come to a worse Place; for this is the worst Air in the whole Country.

*Mawk.* Nay, I'm sure, my Father says it is the best.

*Mr. Barn.* Your Father's a Fool; I tell ye, 'tis the worst.

*Jan.* Nay, Cousin, I fancy you're mistaken now; for I begin to find my Stomach come to me already; in a Fortnight's time you shall see how I'll lay about me.

*Mr. Barn.* I don't at all doubt it.

*Mawk.* Father wou'd have sent Sister *Flip* and little Brother *Humphry*, but the Calash wou'd not hold us all, and so they don't come 'till To-morrow with Mother.

*Jan.* Come, Sister, let's put up our Things in our Chamber; and after you have wash'd my Face, and put me on a clean Neckcloth, we'll go in and see how our Cousins do.

*Mawk.* Ay, come along, we'll go and see Cousin *Mariamne*.

*Jan.* Cousin, we shan't give you much Trouble, one Bed will serve us; for Sister *Mawkin* and I always lie together.

*Mawk.*

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Mawk. But, Cousin; Mother prays you that you'd order a little Cock-Broth for Brother Janno, and I, to be got ready as soon as may be.

Jan. Ay, *a propos*, Cousin Barnard, that's true; my Mother desires, that we may have some Cock-Broth to drink two or three times a-day between Meals, for my Sister and I are sick Folks.

Mawk. And some young Chickens too, the Doctor said wou'd bring us to our Stomachs very soon.

Jan. You Fib now, Sister, it waunt young Chickens, so it waunt, it was plump Partridges sure, the Doctor said so.

Mawk. Ay, so it was Brother—Come, let's go in, and see our Cousins.

Jan. Ay, come along, Sister—Cousin Barnard, don't forget the Cock-Broth.

[*Exeunt Janno and Mawkin.*]

Mr. Barn. What the Devil does all this mean—Mother, and Sister Flip, and little Brother Humphrey, and Chickens, and Pigeons, and Cock-Broth, and Fire from Hell to dress 'em all,

### S C E N E II.

*Enter Colin.*

Col. O Measter, O Measter — You'll not chide To-day, as you are usen to do, no marry will you not; see now what it is to be wiser than one's Measter.

Mr. Barn. What would this Fool have?

Col. Why Thanks, and Money to-boot, and Folk were greatful.

Mr. Barn. What's the Matter?

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*Col.* Why the Matter is, if you have good store of Company in your House, you have good store of Meat to put in their Bellies.

*Mr. Barn.* How so? how so?

*Col.* Why, a large and stately Stag, with a pair of Horns on his Head, Heavens bless you, your Worship might be seen to wear 'em, comes towards our Geat a puffing and blawing like a Cow in hard Labour — Now says I to my self, says I, if my Measter refuse to let this fine Youth come in, why then he's a Fool d'ye see — So I opens him the Geat, pulls off my Hat with both my Honds, and said, you're welcome, kind Sir, to our House.

*Mr. Barn.* Well, well!

*Col.* Well, well, ay, and so it is well, as you shall straitway find — So in he trots, and makes directly towards our Barn, and goes Bounce, Bounce, against the Door, as boldly as if he had been Measter on't — he turns'en about and thawcks'n down in the Stra, as who wou'd say, here will I lay me 'till to-morrow Morning --- But he had no Fool to deal with --- For to the Kitchen goes I, and takes me down a Musquet, and with a Breace of Balls, I hits'n such a flap in the Feace, that he ne'er spoke a Word more to me — Have I done well or no, Measter?

*Mr. Barn.* Yes, you have done very well for once.

*Col.* But this was not all, for a Parcel of Dogs came Yelping after their Companion, as I suppose; so I goes to the back Yard-Door, and as many as came by, Shu, says I, and drove 'ems

into

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. 27

into the Gearden, so there they are as safe as in a Pawnd —ha, ha---but I can but think what a Power of Pasties we shall have at our House, ha, ha. [Exit Colin.

*Mr. Barn.* I see Providence takes some Care of me: this cou'd never have happen'd in a better Time,

### SCENE III.

*Enter Cook.*

*Cook.* Sir, Sir, in the Name of Wonder, what do you mean? is it by your Orders that all those Dogs were let into the Garden?

*Mr. Barn.* How!

*Cook.* I believe there's Forty or Fifty Dogs tearing up the Lettuce and Cabbage by the Root, I believe before the've done, they'll rout up the whole Garden.

*Mr. Barn.* This is that Rogue's doings.

*Cook.* This was not all, Sir, for three or four of 'em came into the Kitchen, and tore half the Meat off the Spit that was for your Worship's Supper.

*Mr. Barn.* The very Dogs plague me.

*Cook.* And then there's a Crew of hungry Footmen who devour'd what the Dogs left, so that there's not a bit left for your Worship's Supper, not a Scrap, not one Morsel, Sir.

[Exit Cook.]

*Mr. Barn.* Sure I shall hit on some way to get rid of this Crew,

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S C E N E IV.

*Enter Colin.*

*Col.* Sir, Sir, here's the Devil to do without yonder; a parcel of Fellows swear they'll have our Venison, and s'blead I swear they shall have none on't, so stand to your Arms, Measter.

*Mr. Barn.* Ay, you've done finely, Rogue, Rascal, have you not?

[Beating him.]

*Col.* 'Sblead, I say they shan't have our Venison. I'll die before I'll part with it.

[Exit.]

*Enter Brother.*

*Bro.* Brother, there's some Gentlemen within ask for you.

*Mr. Barn.* What Gentlemen? Who are they?

*Bro.* The Gentlemen that have been hunting all this Morning, they're now gone up to your Wife's Chamber.

*Mr. Barn.* The Devil go with 'em.

*Bro.* There's but one Way to get rid of this Plague, and that is, as I told you before, to set your House on Fire.

*Mr. Barn.* That's doing my self an Injury, not them.

*Bro.* There's Dogs, Horses, Masters and Servants, all intend to stay here 'till To-morrow Morning, that they may be near the Woods to hunt the earlier-- -besides (I over-heard them) they're in a kind of Plot against you.

*Mr.*

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. 29

*Mr. Barn.* What did they say?

*Bro.* You'll be Angry if I should tell ye.

*Mr. Barn.* Can I be more Angry than I am?

*Bro.* They said then, that it was the greatest Pleasure in the World to ruin an old Lawyer in the Country, who had got an Estate by ruining honest People in Town.

*Mr. Barn.* There's Rogues for ye!

*Bro.* I'm mistaken if they don't play you some Trick or other.

*Mr. Barn.* Hold, let me consider.

*Bro.* What are you doing?

*Mr. Barn.* I'm *Conceiving*, I shall *Bring forth* presently — oh I have it, it comes from hence, Wit was its Father, and Invention its Mother; if I had thought on't sooner, I shou'd have been happy.

*Bro.* What is it?

*Mr. Barn.* Come, come along, I say; you must help me put it in Execution.

### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Lisecca.*

*Lif.* Sir, my Mistress desires you to walk up, she is not able, by her self, to pay the Civilities due to so much good Company.

*Mr. Barn.* O the Carrion! What, does she play her Jests upon me too! ---but mum, he laughs best that laughs last.

*Lif.* What shall I tell her, Sir, will you come?

*Mr. Barn.* Yes, yes, tell her I'll come with a Pox to her.

[*Ex unt Mr. Barnard and Brother.*

## 30 *The COUNTRY HOUSE.*

*Lif.* Nay, I don't wonder he shou'd be angry---they do try his Patience, that's the Truth on't.

### S C E N E V.

*Enter Marianane.*

What, Madam, have you left your Mother and the Company?

*Mar.* So much Tittle Tatle makes my Head ake; I don't wonder my Father should not love the Country, for besides the Expence he's at, he never enjoys a Minute's Quiet.

*Lif.* But let's talk of your own Affairs---have you writ to your Lover?

*Mar.* No, for I have not had Time since I saw him.

*Lif.* Now you have Time then, about it immediately, for he's a sort of a desperate Spark, and a body does not know what he may do, if he shou'd not hear from you; besides you, promis'd him, and you must behave your self like a Woman of Honour, and keep your Word.

*Mar.* I'll about it this Minute.

*Enter Charly.*

*Ch.* Cousin, Cousin, Cousin, where are you going? Come back, I have something to say to you.

*Lif.* What does this troublesome Boy want?

*Ch.* What's that to you what I want? perhaps I have something to say to her that will make her laugh——why sure! what need you care?

*[Mar.]*

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. 31

*Mar.* Don't snub my Cousin *Charly*—well,  
what is't?

*Ch.* Who do you think I met, as I was coming  
here, but that handsome Gentleman I've seen at  
*Church* ogle you, like any Devil?

*Mar.* Hush, softly, Cousin.

*Lis.* Not a Word of that for your Life.

*Ch.* O, I know I shou'd not speak on't before  
Folks; you know I made Signs to you above,  
that I wanted to speak to you in private, didn't  
I Cousin?

*Mar.* Yes, yes, I saw you.

*Ch.* You see I can keep a Secret.—I am no  
Girl, mun—I believe I cou'd tell ye Fifty, and  
Fifty to that, of my Sister *Cicely* ---- O she's the  
Devil of a Girl--- but she gives me Money and  
Sugar-Plumbs ---- and those that are kind to me  
fare the better for it, you see, Cousin.

*Mar.* I always said my Cousin *Charly* was a  
good-natur'd Boy.

*Lis.* Well, and did he know You?

*Ch.* Yes, I think he did know me--for he took  
me in his Arms, and did so hug me and kiss me  
---- between you and I, Cousin, I believe he is  
one of the best Friends I have in the World.

*Mar.* Well, but what did he say to you?

*Ch.* Why, he ask'd me where I was going;  
I told him I was coming to see you; you're a  
lying young Rogue, says he, I'm sure you dare  
not go see your Cousin ---- for you must know  
my Sister was with me, and it seems he took  
her for a Crack, and I being a forward Boy, he  
fancied I was going to make Love to her under  
a Hedge, ha, ha.

32 *The COUNTRY HOUSE.*

*Mar.* So.

*Ch.* So he offer'd to lay me a *Lewis d'Or* that I was not coming to you; so done, says I — Done, says he, — and so 'twas a Bett, you know.

*Mar.* Certainly.

*Ch.* So my Sister's Honour be'ng concern'd, and having a mind to win his *Lewis d'Or*, d' ye see — I bid him follow me, that he might see whether I came in or no --- but he said he'd wait for me at the little Garden Gate that opens into the Fields, and if I wou'd come thro' the House and meet him there, he'd know by that whether I had been in or no.

*Mar.* Very well.

*Ch.* So I went there, open'd the Gate, and let him in —

*Mar.* What then?

*Ch.* Why, then he paid me the *Lewis d'Or*, that's all.

*Mar.* Why, that was honestly done.

*Ch.* And then he talk'd to me of you, and said you had the charmingest Bubbies, and every time he nam'd em, Ha! says he, as if he had been sipping hot Milk Tea.

*Mar.* But was this all?

*Ch.* No, for he had a mind, you must know, to win his *Lewis d'Or* back again; so he laid me Another, that I dare not come back, and tell you that he was there; so Cousin, I hope you won't let me lose, for if you don't go to him and tell him that I've won, he won't pay me.

*Mar.*

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. 33

*Mar.* What, wou'd you have me go and speak  
to a Man?

*Ch.* Not for any Harm, but to win your poor  
Cousin a *Lewis d' Or*. I'm sure you will---- for  
you're a modest young Woman, and may go  
without Danger-- Well, Cousin, I'll swear you  
look very handsome To-day, and have the  
prettiest Bubbies there; do let me feel 'em, I'll  
swear you must.

*Mar.* What does the young Rogue mean? I  
swear I'll have you whipt.

[*Exeunt Charly, and Mariamne.*

*Enter Colin.*

*Col.* Ha, ha, ha! our old Gentleman's a Wag  
e faith, he'll be even with 'em for all this, ha,  
ha, ha----

*Lif.* What's the matter? What does the Fool  
laugh at?

*Col.* We an't in our House now, *Lisetta*, we're  
in an Inn; ha, ha!

*Lif.* How in an Inn?

*Col.* Yes, in an Inn, my Measter has gotten an  
old rusty Sword, and hung it up at our Geat,  
and writ underneath with a Piece of Charcoal  
with his own fair Hand, *At the SWORD ROYAL;*  
*Entertainment for Man and Horse:* ha, ha----

*Lif.* What Whim is this?

*Col.* Thou, and I, live at the *Sword Royal*,  
ha, ha----

*Lif.* I'll go tell my Mistress of her Father's  
Extravagance.

[*Exit Lisetta.*

SCENE

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S C E N E VI.

*Enter Mr. Barnard and his Brother.*

*Mr. Barn.* Ha, ha! yes I think this will do.  
Sirrah, *Colin*, you may now let in all the World,  
the more the better.

*Colin.* Yes, Sir----Odsflesh ! we shall break  
all the Inns in the Country ---- For we have a  
brace handsome Landlady, and a curious young  
Lass to her Daughter ---- O, here comes my  
young Measter----We'll make him Chamberlain  
----ha, ha----

*Enter Dorant.*

*Mr. Barn.* What's the matter, Son ? How  
comes it that you are all alone ? You used to do  
me the Favour to bring some of your Friends  
along with ye.

*Dor.* Sir, there are some of 'em coming; I  
only rid before, to beg you to give 'em a fa-  
vourable Reception.

*Mr. Barn.* Ay, why not ? It is both for your  
Honour and mine; you shall be Master.

*Dor.* Sir, we have now an Opportunity of  
making all the Gentlemen in the Country our  
Friends.

*Mr. Barn.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart;  
pray how so ?

*Dor.* There's an old Quarrel to be made up  
between two Families, and all the Company are  
to meet at our House.

*Mr. Barn.* Ay, with all my Heart; but pray  
what is the Quarrel ?

*Dor.* O, Sir, a very Ancient Quarrel; it hap-  
pened

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. 35

pened between their Great Grandfathers about a Duck.

*Mr. Barn.* A Quarrel of Consequence truly.

*Dor.* And 'twill be a great Honour to us, if this should be accommodated at our House.

*Mr. Barn.* Without doubt.

*Dor.* Dear Sir, you astonish me with this Goodness; how shall I express this Obligation? I was afraid, Sir, you woud not like it.

*Mr. Barn.* Why so?

*Dor.* I thought, Sir, you did not care for the Expence.

*Mr. Barn.* O Lord, I'm the most alter'd Man in the World from what I was, I'm quite another thing mun; but how many are there of 'em?

*Dor.* Not above nine or ten of a side, Sir.

*Mr. Barn.* O, we shall dispose of them easily enough.

*Dor.* Some of 'em will be here presently, the rest I don't expect 'till To-morrow Morning.

*Mr. Barn.* I hope they're good Companions, jolly Fellows, that love to eat and drink well.

*Dor.* The merriest, best-natur'd, Creatures in the World, Sir.

*Mr. Barn.* I'm very glad on't, for 'tis such Men I want. Come, Brother, You and I will go and prepare for their Reception.

[*Exeunt Mr. Barnard and his Brother.*

*Dor.* Bless me, what an Alteration is here! How my Father's Temper is chang'd within these two or three Days! Do you know the Meaning of it?

*Col.* Why the Meaning on't is, ha, ha----

*Dor.* Can you tell me the Cause of this sudden change, I say?

*Col.*

## 36 The COUNTRY HOUSE.

Col. Why the Cause on't is ha, ha----

Dor. What do you laugh at, Sirrah? do you know?

Col. Ha --- Because the old Gentleman's a Drole, that's all.

Dor. Sirrah, if I take the Cudgel ----

Col. Nay, Sir, don't be angry, for a little harmless Mirth ---- But here are your Friends.

### S C E N E VII.

*Enter three Gentlemen.*

Dor. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Pasty-Hall*; see that these Gentlemen's Horses are taken Care of.

1 Gen. A very fine Dwelling this.

Dor. Yes, the House is Tolerable.

2 Gen. And a very fine Lordship belongs to it.

Dor. The Land is Good.

3 Gen. This House ought to have been mine, for my Grandfather sold it to his Father, from whom your Father purchased it.

Dor. Yes, the House has gone thro' a great many Hands.

1 Gen. A Sign there has always been good House-keeping in it.

Dor. And I hope there ever will.

*Enter Mr. Barnard, and his Brother, dressed like Drawers.*

Mr. Barn. Gentlemen, do you call? will you please to see a Room, Gentlemen? some body take off the Gentlemen's Boots there.

Dor.

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. 37

Dor. Father! Uncle! what is the Meaning of this?

Mr. Barn. Here, show a Room, ---- or will you please to walk into the Kitchen first, Gentlemen, and see what you like for Dinner.

1 Gen. Make no Preparations, Sir, your own Dianer is sufficient.

Mr. Barn. Very well, I understand ye; let's see, how many are there of ye? [Tells 'em.] One, Two, Three, Four; well, Gentlemen, 'tis but half a Crown a-piece for your selves, and six Pence a-head for your Servants; your Dinner shall be ready in half an Hour; here, shew the Gentlemen into the *Apollo*.

2 Gen. What, Sir, does your Father keep an Inn?

Mr. Barn. The *Sword Royal*; at your Service, Sir.

Dor. But, Father, let me speak to you; would you disgrace me?

Mr. Barn. My Wine is very good, Gentlemen, but to be very plain with ye, it is dear.

Dor. O, I shall run distracted.

Mr. Barn. You seem not to like my House, Gentlemen; you may try all the Inns in the Country, and not be better entertained; but I own my Bills run high.

Dor. Gentlemen, let me beg the Favour of ye.

1 Gent. Ay, my young 'Squire of the *Sword Royal*, you shall receive some Favours from us.

Dor. Dear Monsieur la Garantiere.

1 Gent. Here, my Horse there.

Dor. Monsieur la Rose.

2 Gent. Damn ye, you Prig.

Dor.

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Dor. Monsieur Trognac.

3 Gent. Go to the Devil.

[Exeunt Gentlemen.

Dor. O, I'm disgrac'd for ever.

Mr. Barn. Now, Son, this will teach you how to live.

Dor. Your Son ! I deny the Kindred ; I'm the Son of a Whore, and I'll burn your House about your Ears, you old Rogue you. [Exit.

Mr. Barn. Ha, ha —

Bro. The young Gentleman's in a Passion.

Mr. Barn. They're all gone for all that, and the Sword-Royal's the best General in Christendom.

Enter Dorant's Servant talking with Lisetta.

Lis. What, that tall Gentleman I saw in the Garden with ye?

Serv. The same, he's my Master's Uncle, and Ranger of the King's Forests ---- He intends to leave my Master all he has.

Mr. Barn. Don't I know this Scoundrel ? What, is his Master here ? What do you do here, Rascal ?

Serv. I was asking which must be my Master's Chamber.

Mr. Barn. Where is your Master ?

Serv. Above Stairs with your Wife and Daughter, and I want to know where he's to lie, that I may put up his things.

Mr. Barn. Do you so, Rascal ?

Serv. A very handsome Inn this —— Here, Drawer, fetch me a Pint of Wine.

Mr. Barn. Take That, Rascal ; do you Banter us ? [Kicks him out.

Enter

## The COUNTRY HOUSE. 39

*Enter Mrs. Barnard.*

*Mrs. Barn.* What is the Meaning of this, Husband? Are not you ashamed to turn your House into an Inn \_\_\_\_\_ and is this a Dress for my Spouse, and a Man of your Character?

*Mr. Barn.* I'd rather wear this Dress than be ruin'd.

*Mrs. Barn.* You're nearer being so than you imagine; for there are some Persons within, who have it in their Power to punish you for your ridiculous Folly.

*Enter Eraftus, leading in Mariamne.*

*Mr. Barn.* How, Sirs, what means this? who sent you here?

*Eraft.* It was the luckiest Star in your Eirmament that sent me here.

*Mr. Barn.* Then I doubt, at my Birth, the Planets were but in a scurvy Disposition.

*Eraft.* Killing one of the King's Stags, that run hither for Refuge, is enough to overturn a Fortune much better establish'd than yours— However, Sir, if you will consent to give me your Daughter, for her Sake, I will bear you harmless.

*Mr. Barn.* No, Sir; no Man shall have my Daughter, that won't take my House too.

*Eraft.* Sir, I will take your House; pay you the full Value of it, and you shall remain as much Master of it as ever.

*Mr. Barn.* No, Sir, that won't do neither; you must be Master your self, and from this Minute begin to do the Honours of it in your own Person.

*Eraft.*

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*Eraft. Sir, I readily consent.*

*Mr. Barn. Upon that Condition, and in order  
to get rid of my House, here, take my Daughter  
— And now, Sir, if you think you've a hard  
Bargain, I don't care if I toss you in, my Wife,  
to make you Amends.*

*Well, then since all Things thus are fairly sped,  
My Son in Anger, and my Daughter wed;  
My House dispos'd of, the sole Cause of Strife,  
I now may hope to lead a happy Life,  
If I can part with my Engaging Wife.* }

F I N I S.



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